SHARON LANE

PEARL LUNT ROBINSON

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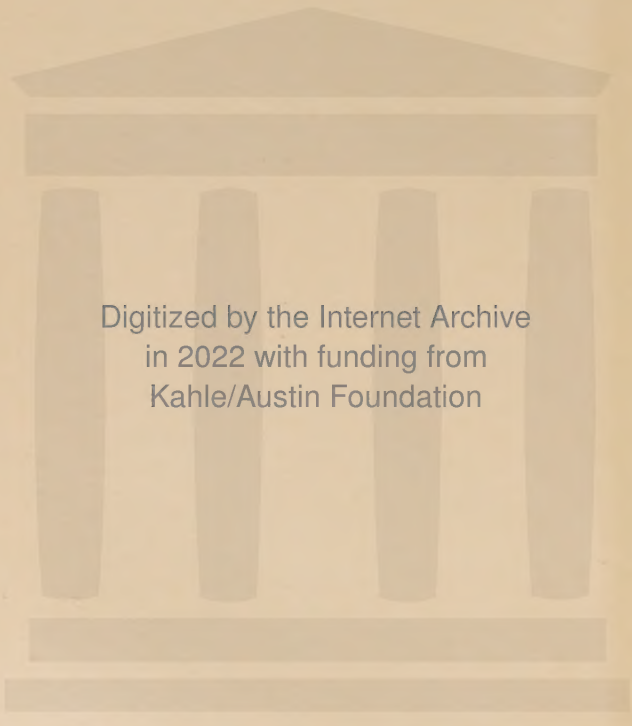
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SHARON LANE

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A Book of Verse

PEARL LUNT ROBINSON

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BOSTON
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THE GORHAM PRESS

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To

My Husband

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GLAD SEASON

Spring does not ask to be April forever.
She is glad to grow up to more rational weather.
And though with the wisdom that comes in May
She keeps April's laughter — sings April's way —
She clings to the May course, and turns back never.
Spring does not ask to be April forever.

FOOL'S BLISS

I reckon not of losses, nor yet consider gain.
My joy is on the increase when my wisdom's on the wane.
I weave the pattern of my life from threads of April rain.

BONNY MINSTREL

Yes, I am wearied of the martial air
That prods one up, and down the road from
dreaming.
The rhythmic beat of drums; the great horn's blare
Are hollow sounds — their virtue only seeming.

O let me rather hear a bow on taut,
Fine strings. The thrush-like sounds have ever
stirred
Me on to worship, as I fondly thought
No earthly soundings could. Though once I heard,

At eventide, a minstrel with his lyre,
Weaving among the strings a tune that blew
The Alpha and Omega of desire,
Fulfilled and crowned to me. And then I knew

It for old wine, red and clear from heaven's bowl,
Leaving this song of April in my soul.

YET

The wild rose blooms in sun or storm,
And heedless of them dies.
The wild rose is a perfect thing,
And yet it is not wise.

ON THIS HILL

I sing into a wind-swept sky;
I sing to trees that can't be still;
I sing to my rebellious heart,
"Spring will come gently to this hill."

And yet it grows increasing hard
To sing, as winter slips away,
For spring will loiter on this hill,
And I it is who cannot stay.

PSALM

Who is this coming out of the hills?
And who shall go to bid him welcome?
My beloved it is, who returns from afar:
And I, of all earth's own, go forth.
For I know the way of his heart's swift song,
And the blood of his veins is as mine also.
His smile will be as the sunning birches,
Restoring my joy;
The touch of his lips as a summer rain to parching earth.
The light of high places will wrap me around,
While the music of God thunders down my soul.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING

A soul unwashed with love is grey
Like dust-stained window panes, and I
Will praise the gods of cleaning-day,
Who came, and saw, and passed not by.

A WOMAN OF THE HILLS

She knows all things that move by day. The night
Gives up to her its secrets as her right.
She yields her flesh unhampered to spring rain,
The lover whose caresses ease the pain
Of other lovers' faithlessness. She finds
A sure renascence in the singing winds.
She laughs and whets her wit at April's wheel;
Earth holds no glory that she cannot feel.
The look of growing things dwells in her eyes.
She is all-beautiful; she is all-wise.

THESE THINGS

Among the smoke-stained windows in the southern
end of town,
I smiled up at a polished pane and saw it sparkle
down.

Above the ghostly grasses that roamed a cobbled
walk
There shone in purple splendor a regal hollyhock.

That time I stood in stillness above the grey death-
head,
I saw no signs of anguish but one far smile, instead.

SONG OF PRAISE

Flashes of you glance up my heart all unaware
Like tunes unbidden coming to my lips.
Flashes of eyes, grey like the mist that seaward dips
To gather up the tones of emerald there.
Flashes of smiles all youthful white; of sun-swept
hair;
Of curving muscle that ripples and slips
Like the water beneath fast-moving ships.
For you, my love, are swift of limb and fair
Like gilded Camelot's grandest king.
Flashes of you glance up my heart and sing.

AGAIN

The birds have come again to Sharon Lane.
Their ecstasy disquiets me. The tips
Of maple boughs show red through April rain.
I grow impatient for my lover's lips.

WHEN MY LITTLE SORROW WALKS WITH ME

I think that each gay hollyhock
Nods disapproval as I walk
My garden path when I am sad.
The blue-bell tinkles, "O be glad!"
The phlox and the red peony
Tug at the very heart of me.
While every painted trumpet-flower
Seems to whisper, "Seize the hour!"

RECOMPENSE

If bird-song die to a lost call,
If my all-favored star shall fall,
Perchance I'll not be quite bereft
If still for me there shall be left
A patch of sunlight on the floor,
A bit of garden by the door.

WEAVERS

I said to my loom and my shuttle, "*Today.*
Let us weave a tapestry tender and gay!

Let us weave it soft for the queen sprite's feet;
Let us weave it strong for a Viking's meet;

And let it be weird as the shuddering star,
Overhanging a marsh where dead men are."

They said, "We are three, but without the One
Earth's million weavers are as none.

He walks among stars in an ether zone;
He walks among stars, and He walks alone.

His stride is long, and His spirit free —
He weaves eternal tapestry."

I'd show you temples, touched with rose,
Beside old sacred streams,
But you'd not miss the sight of those,
If I could give you dreams.

Earth's seven wonders I would show;
The aisles her great have trod —
Your eyes would never seek them though,
If I could show you God.

DREAMS

The dreams I have are gold to me; yet sometimes they are bringing
Uneasiness within their wake, when grim facts loom to view.
And then I try to lose for once the sound of distant singing,
And strike upon the tenor that my sterner fathers knew.

THUS

Love me not in payment for *my* love. Take
It dear; it holds no kinship with the mart.
Nor let thy love-wings spread for pity's sake.
Ah, that would level low this high-held heart.

Count not love-worthy any charm of face
Or form; nor yet the flash of thought you find
Delightful. Time holds the tricks that may erase
The springtime from the body and the mind.

For that you once outscored the chief who lies
Prostrate before the sun in adoration,
Think not you must continue in this wise,
For such united is with obligation.
Leap up to love as a deer to the mating call!
Ah, love me thus, or love me not at all.

URBAN NEIGHBORS

At eventide my neighbors light their lamps,
Bright hued like moths. They send a splendid glow
Along the window-sills, to trace
Dim trails of mottled color on the snow.

My neighbors pass and pass their windows by.
I pass and then repass my windows, too.
Perhaps if I should pause to wave, they would
Not think it quite a silly thing to do.

My neighbors' walks are clean and free from snow,
And how their brazen knockers gleam and shine.
Their gates swing in; their gates swing out. I hope
My neighbors' dreams are gauzy-winged like mine.

A WOMAN

A woman walks in a fragrant garden,
Thinking of rare old lace and God—
    While gay belles grown drab and resentful,
    Wage war on a younger generation;
    While bedizened dowagers gesture and stride,
    And clamor for their rights;
    While fanatic preachers grow bulge-eyed and
        red,
    Roaring of souls to be saved—
A woman walks in a fragrant garden,
Thinking of rare old lace and God.

I prayed for songs — for heartening songs all glad
and free,
Fit even for the soil of great eternity,
But God, with His own reasons, kept the notes.

I made a garden, bright, that tossed in every breeze.
A weary sinner saw and cried, upon his knees,
"Hear, hear! Thou God of sun and daffodils!"

I walked with *you.* Like faerie flame that never
dies,
Contentment touched my lips; shone in my eyes.
You saw and whispered, "Love, how beautiful you
are!"

NO SONGS! NO SONGS!

I sit in stilly ecstacy
While April spreads her wares for me.

The dancing rainbow fields of June
Draw from me no impassioned tune.

An awe-touched statue, I behold
October in her flame and gold.

My heart's a bright inflated thing
That might recede if I should sing.

PRAYER

Some find Thee Lord, dear Lord,
Where peals the church bell's echoed note,
Or where grand organ's mighty sob
Binds up the slackness of the throat.

Some find Thee Lord where April's pulse
Arouses life in stagnant lands,
But I can glimpse Thee clearer, Lord,
Across my lover's love-bent hands.

HUSH

The wind that was at noontime overdrunk
Is sobered. Pacified the rain that sunk
Her silver javelins deep. The bough
That lashed the April sky is quiet now.
As one far spent through giving birth,
So lies the haggard, storm-torn earth.
Let sound no horns; let bells the silence keep.
The earth must sleep; the earth must sleep.

NOVEMBER

Black maple boughs across a copper sky,
The faerie etchings you are making, I
Am learning quite by heart. I would remember
That loveliness comes also in November.

LOVE WAS YOUNG AND CHRISTMAS, GREEN

We wanted cedar, bright Christmas cedar,
To hang at window and door;
So we left the smoke and shriek of the town,
To tramp three miles, maybe more.

The rutted road glanced blows at our feet.
We laughed and called it a game,
For our shining secret dwelt in your eyes,
And you called me a lovely name.

We knocked at a shambly, grey farm door.
An old negress with voice like a bird,
Told us just where the cedar grew.
We thanked her, but neither had heard.

I looked down a ribbon of cold blue steel,
And back to your eyes, warm and grey.
You blew warm breath on my cold hands,
Till the numbness seeped away.

We wanted cedar, bright Christmas cedar,
To hang at window and door;
So we tramped back to town, three miles or so,
And bought wreaths at the Woolworth Store.

Betty is entertaining for me.
I must nibble rose cakes,
And sip amber tea.
Though a friendly breeze would come to meet me,
And buttercups bend low to greet me;
Though the fey June clouds go scudding by,
In a deep and endless old-blue sky;
Though the clover would beckon, the daisy nod,
And the thrush in the willow would sing of God;
I must nibble rose cakes,
And sip amber tea.
Betty is entertaining for me.

SMALL TALK

Cover your ears!
The siren is drowning out bird-song!
Look away!
The steam-shovel is eating violets!

Cricket, cricket in the night,
Are you aware of rain-music,
That you must add your song?

Little brown leaf,
Do not dance so hard.
I know what you mean —
Age, too, can be joyful.

APRIL

April magic in the air,
Everywhere;
April whimsy in the rain,
Never sane;
Changeful April, — sighing, pouting —
Now in mirth
A-scouting, laughing, shouting
Down the earth.

April brooks in release,
Sing, "Peace";
April chirping in the hedge,
Love to pledge;
Mighty April to command
The seed and sod;
April, walking hand in hand
With God.

HEIGHTS

Dear heart, the moment is full-blown.
Breathe not, nor stir; even your caress
Might sear this utter loveliness.
Let thunder snap; let comets flash;
Let tremble earth; let fall her towers —
This moment, poised aloof, is ours.

A VERSE

All humor and all beauty live anew
For the child of the sun and the morning dew.
Her angels hold aloft the golden bowl
To pour eternal April on her soul.

TWO SONGS

My Lady April rides down the thin air,
With a hawthorn bloom tucked away in her hair.
And there's nothing too golden to dream or dare,
When my Lady April rides down the thin air.

* * *

I am up and away with the dogs of dawn,
Over the hills where April has gone
To open the gates before. Heigh-O!
It's my lover who calls from the glades below.

ST. NAZARE, FRANCE

New April dancing up the hill
In her fresh gown, brings you to me
In all your native gaiety.

Rain-pool within the arc-light's glow —
Pale, sunning birch — these things that shine
Reveal your smile, brother of mine.

Of you, possessing youth and song,
The wind-swept grasses croon and sigh.
Dear Lord, why did he have to die?

YOUR LAUGHTER

A sudden dancing of tiny feet in the sunlight —
The glad, quick throb of a violin at dusk —
Silver water flashing over stones.

CRY OF THE UNBORN

Stranger to April's fast-throbbing song;
Lost to the feel of the mist; to long
Not at all for sun-swept fields; nor miss
The singing flame of a lover's kiss.
Barred from rain magic; spell of the moon;
Or dancing to the street-player's tune.

Less than the breeze that kisses the sod —
Space between spokes of the wheel of God.

HURDY-GURDY MAN

Hurdy-gurdy man, you're the essence of the spring.
You make me laugh; make me dream; make me
sing.
Winding out your happy tunes,
Grinding out your jolly tunes
For me.

Hurdy-gurdy man, you make a clover valley
Of a backward-glancing, dawn-forgotten alley.
You're the magi; you're the jinn;
You're the Merlins without sin
To me.

Hurdy-gurdy man, my last nickle drops to you
That I may dance to Beauty's gate
And see the light shine through,
While you're winding out your happy tunes,
Grinding out your jolly tunes
For me.

DEAR MINISTRY

When I am empty of peace;
When days in a cluttered row
Review before me;
I need your smile to restore me
To even ways.

When I am dull to the lure;
When leaves bronzed in sunset glow
Fail to amaze me;
I need your lips to raise me
To purple heights.

IN SHARON LANE

I met my love in Sharon Lane
And knew him not;

As one whose eyes behold a mountain dawn
And find no glory there;

As one who walks a garden path with God
And thinks himself alone;

I met my love in Sharon Lane
And knew him not.

CONCERN FOR ME

Not only in far Shinar wag
Long tongues, or sounds their hue and cry;
Yet with the evening thrush's call
More concerned am I.

The reddest rose-tree hides a thorn;
The honeysuckle shields a bee;
Yet it's the color — not the hurt
That is concern for me.

THE PLAYING

"You played too long," my high angel sighed,
"So instead of success you must take defeat."
"Too long, too long," my sad angel cried.
And still I could answer, "The playing was sweet."

ONE DAY

Be quick, unlock the treasure-chest.
Sing high, my sweet, your soft notes ringing
In known accord with earth's low singing.
    Dance swift, my love in silver dew,
    Dance swift, and let your soul dance, too.
Play, play — my pretty jewel, play!
For you also must look one day
Upon your mother's face in death.

DUALITY

Above this self, — hedged in, determinate,
Over these eyes, now chastened with much weeping,
There shines another of a higher state,
With wingéd feet and radiant body keeping

Accord with magic, and a silver sound
Of ecstacy from old Hellenic lyres.
Such joy-embracing grace as to confound
This humble self, and fill it with desires.

GOOD-MORNING!

Chinese, African, Spaniard, Moravian,
Frenchman, German, Jap, Scandinavian;

Street-cleaner, store-keeper, artist, physician,
Tailor, cobbler, mother, politician;

Protestant, Catholic, Mohammedan, Jew —
Known to me; strange to me; Good-morning to you!

MARCH CROCUS

If I had run away from March,
And all her mad travail;
If I had run away from March
In a tempest-raising gale;

I should have missed Red Robin's call —
The willow's silver, too —
The smell of sap — and best of all,
This crocus done in blue.

HEAR, SOUL!

Be like the buds of spring! Unfold!
And as, within their cups they strive to hold
More liquor of the sun, so strive to take
Within your walls more beauty, for my sake.
Soul, soul, and are you not aware,
This loveliness is more than I can bear?

AT LAST

No trumpet's blare shall call me forth
From my so peaceful sleep and rest;

Nor shall I tread the martial way
To Him on the celestial throne.

Only to bird-call shall I rise;
Only with dancing feet find God.

I, GLEANER

Out there was my soul on fire fed,
Where grain-stubs hug the sod.
I reached for a broken wisp of wheat,
And touched the pulse of God.

MIRACLE

The factory windows rose up in their ugliness,
And stood transformed.
A golden city,
Touched by the sun's slant finger.

Some go seeking new songs on foreign sod,
Where the Alpine mountains sweep up to God;
Where Venetian streams rival Venice skies,
And the Norway sun forgets to rise.
But I never travel the world to see,
For all of my songs, I find, love, in thee.

AN OLD DESIRE

There are colorful visions that dance to the eyes;
There are melodies singing in this heart's old choir.
Once to seize; once to hold; once to share all that lies
In the heights of this star — in the depths of this lyre.

THE MIST-FAIRIES

The mist-fairies dance and the mist-fairies prance,
While the mist on the mountain sinks lower and low;
The mist-fairies whirl and their grey veils unfurl,
While upon their long silver-shelled trumpets they blow.

There are wreaths in the air; there are garlands to spare,
For the decking of sprites the accepted way.
They're of flutter-wist-sheen, and of silver-mist-lene,
So each fairy is Queen of the May.

Now a pink twinkling knee through the haze I can see,
Or the flashing of gold in the streaming hair,
Or an uplifted chin, or a wide, happy grin,
But the rest of the fairy is there.

The mist-fairies sing and their gay voices ring,
Till they vanish completely, completely away.
I delight to be kissed by the lips of the mist,
But would choose a mist-fairy's any day.

CHAMELEON DAYS

My days chameleon are.
I can no mordant use
To fix the pristine hues
Reflected from delight
In my lover. The sight
Of one's all loveless day
Sinks my purple into grey.

My days chameleon are.
I think it is no matter
That the swift saffron scatter
Away — the rose be blown
With black; hearing the moan
Of one, swept by grief's wave
Prostrate to a new-made grave.

GAP IMPASSABLE

My friend, how we are grown apart,
Who were as equals at the start!
What dark, untoward alchemy
Has worked on you while changing me!

AMENDS

I sometimes wish my love had come at dawn,
When flame-shot flags wave through the greying
jet;
When softly lifts the hush; when the lithe fawn
Springs upward to the gilding crag. And yet,

If I had loved before the sun had scaled
The sky, sucking the freshness from the flowers,
I might have glanced some glory, or have failed
To husband all the purple of the hours.

THE BUZZARDS' DAY

Come on, you desert buzzards, swing
In closer circles to your prey.
There is naught here to scare away
Great birds like you. One man succumbing
To desert thirst — Yes, that is all.
He may, with reeling motion, go
Ahead ten feet before the fall.
Why falter? Think you he can know
That underneath his feet a spring
Lies sealed with stones away from man?
A silver stream that's ever strumming
Up its stubborn bars? Pooh! He can
Never know. Don't give this air
The stench of flesh. Come on now! There!

GROWTH

My glorious, gilded castles
Came tumbling down on me,
Leaving a fainting prisoner
Beneath the wild débris.

Heaven sent a blessed rain;
Washed clean the ugly cuts;
And looking off to castles new,
I found my old ones, huts.

TODAY'S LURE

Yesterday's brimming urn
I swiftly overturn,
Its fill of pain and joys
To spill into the sea,
Where they will slip from me
With hushing, silver noise.
Oh come, come, come, I would be merry;
Yesterday's dead; tomorrow's unsure.
Oh come, come, come, I would be merry;
Let us follow where today will lure.

THESE THINGS MUST I DO

Too soon you come! oh my dark lover, wait!
Some other time I'll tread the dim-lit aisle
With you — perhaps upon some dark night, late —
When sultry clouds blot out the moon's wan smile.

Ah — now, let me seek again the speckled shade,
And my bright love who waits for me there.
Let me race with him in a sun-drenched glade,
And cover his breast with my shining hair.

And let me see a castled cliff, sublime
Over streams in a maddened release.
Let me dance in dew. (Some other time.)
Yet awhile must I dream my dreams of Greece.
Your shadow haunts me. Stand off, afar!
I must see a calm pool that holds a star.

Secure in my power to please you,
My lips brush your hair — your eyes — your lips,
I love you blithely.

Humble, — your love my necessity,
My lips drink fire, unsatisfied,
I love you blindly.

Serene in your steadfast love,
My lips press your forehead, content,
I love you steadily.

I reach for your hand in the darkness,
My lips are silent —
I love you forever.

LURE

A thrush note trumpets from the green hill-side,
A white sail beckons on the sea,
But the blue, winding road is a rainbow trail,
With its bucket of gold for me.

There's the tinkling of bells on the hush of dawn.
Silent loons ducking in the lake.
The fast express — mad, and shouting down the hills,
Banners waving black in its wake.

There's a sapphire stream beneath a silver arch,
A mountain stretching to the sky,
Where great, templed clouds dally on the blue,
And the wild, inked geese pass them by.

There's an opalescent world turned to grey,
When the sun has dropped to the sea;
There's a golden-haired wraith who's climbing the sky —
Ah, comrade, share my gold with me!

MAY SONG

You wear a feather,
And I'll wear a rose.
We'll strip off our stockings,
And dance on our toes
In the new-spun dew —
In the silver dew —
Know that youth-time and spring-time are gone in a day;
So let us not tarry, but hasten away
Into the weather
Together. In May.

THE WAY OF A SONG

Beneath the silver spell of song
I lead a metamorphosed life.
Last night I sighed as Jason's wife;
Today I suffer Caesar's wrong;
Tomorrow — stay the alchemy —
It were not strange if I should be
A flying cloud or lyric tree.

ON THE ROAD TO NOMADIE

We'll breakfast in Alaska;
    We'll lunch in Tennessee;
We'll dine out where the waves dash high,
    On the road to Nomadie.

We'll dream beneath Italian skies;
    We'll loiter in Brazil;
We'll drink our cup of beauty, love,
    And brimming, hold it, still.

THE TWO

Youth gropes for light on what is law and what untrue;
Youth gilds the present with the future's hue;
Youth hopes.

Age wiles away the faded hours reliving youth;
Age lives in peace and amity with truth;
Age smiles.

REMEMBERING

When snows have passed and earth shows green
Upon one mound, oh come you there and lean
The lovéd arms, and linger yet awhile
With filtering light and hushed bird-song. Then
smile,
Remembering what death cannot destroy —
Remembering — remembering our joy.

DREAMER-SON

The oak, the beech, the maple, — all have run
Their color race. My thoughts are with my son.
For though the season tarries late,
His hand drops not to the garden gate;
His feet flash only under arches
Where my imagination marches.
My golden-haired, bright sturdy lad —
My dreamer-son I might have had.

FOR MY BRUSH AND ME

Indifferent greys — old somber black,
And all the sterling tones that lack
The ring of singing rapture —
My joy is not to capture
Their varied shades of gloom.

Henceforth the dawnsome tones shall be
The tones for my swift brush and me.
Enfolding saffrons — misting blues —
High green in all her subtle hues —
For these my soul makes room.

REBEL

I would no keeper be
Of rules, and thus, and so!
I would be free
To leave clothes in the tub;
Cream in the churn;
Free to lie in the grass,
And let the cake burn;
Free as fallen leaves —
As mist on the sea —
I would be free! free!
Free!

TE DEUM

Resilient is my step with spring;
Earth's pulse is mine;
The soul is glory-shot. I sing,
"I love the Lord!"

SONNET

Dark Nemesis! Had she wished me the wrong
To hold her tell-tale mirror high, reflecting
You dear, bound to another by the thong
That men and Great Jehovah are respecting,

My love would then have been as it *has* been.
And had you seen in her the withered kernel;
In me, the ripened seed. And had you seen
In her the flash; in me, the light eternal,

I do well know you would have gone, untouching
From my side, faithful to her in aught save
Old desire. You would have gone to her, clutching
At one far hope of joy beyond the grave.
But ah, my strong love, I do greatly fear,
I should have held this honor far less dear.

TWO MOODS

Where grey gives way to black
Wait on awhile for me.
I have a tryst with rose
Out where pale saffron blows
Across an old-blue sea.
Wait on awhile for me —
No doubt I shall come back.

THE CURSE

O sting most deep of all!
O hell beyond recall,
To never, never be
Aroused from lethargy!

DISGUISE

A dear shabby house with a sign To Let —
How could I pass it by? And yet,
No torch fanned the sky;
No sprite wove a spell —
So there was not a way to tell,
And being quite normal, I could not guess,
"Here I shall know all loveliness."

OUTLET

Oh I would pipe a measure
Of silver song,
To ease this weight of treasure,
Awaited long.

For love has come and found me;
The hot blood sings;
Youth's aura glows around me,
And lends me wings.

WHY?

Why did you not come, my beloved,
In the singing days
When my heart first dreamed you —
And was willing to worship and wait,
Sure of your coming?
    Why did you not come, my beloved,
    In the bitter days
    When my heart cried out for you,
    Needing you?
Why did you not come
In the grey days —
Gaps between fevered, gay days,
When my heart denied you,
And denying, wept for you.
    Oh why did you tarry, my beloved?

FULFILLMENT

In the rush and whirl of things
I looked — and you were there!
    So many had come,
    Claiming to be you,
    I could not be sure.
I said to my heart,
"Cease your foolish singing."
But it *would* sing,
A gay little, glad little, tremulous song
That rose to a mighty harmony.
    For it was you, my beloved.

THE SUNSET FAIRIES

The fairies of the sunset
Are lavish with their paint.
They splash on quantities of gold
And rose, without restraint.
And whether you are joyful
Or full of dull complaint,
You'll cry, "O Hallelujah!"
When the sunset fairies paint.

MY BABY'S EYES

My baby! My pink and blue and gold baby!
How soft you are, how round, how smooth,
How everything that's lovely!
I search in the depths of your eyes —
Search for a thought of me,
But they look back, — cool, calm, — remote,
I think.
Oh my baby,
When your eyes shall peep above a fan,
And drop again in sudden, bashful art,
What then will they say of me?
That I am old, old, — old?
With heart that never beat a youthful tune?
Oh understand, my baby,
I have known the joy of sunrise;
Felt the urge of noontime;
Quivered with the mystery of dusk;
Sighed in the sweetness of evening,
My baby, know me!

CONFLICT

Her gay eyes called me "Spinster."
Yet had I raised my voice,
She would have known that I was first
And she was second choice

With him, who wooed us both.
But would I satisfaction gain,
Mounting a pedestal
To give pain?

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS

To Beauty there is yet affixed
A scar; all silver sounds are mixed
With one last dying cry I could not — *did*
Not answer. God forgive! I only hid
My bloodless face in the mud of France,
Not daring even a covert glance
Across that horror of No-Man's-Land,
Where one loved voice begged me understand
The need, and come. It were as well
To have risen then and claimed my hell.

THEN

Beloved, speak to me with songs,
Caressing with your lips each note
That falls — a pearl against my throat.
Within the circle of your arm
Hold me, for there alone is charm
Against the fear. Then shall I lie
In sober joy when I shall die.

COME!

Come, my love,
Come away with me
From the place where the wheels grind.
Now, while the geyser pounds in our veins,
And youth remains,
Let us fly to the hill tops away.

There in the pools,
In the ancient, sun-drenched pools,
We will bathe, unhampered,
And laugh, as does the arching gull, serene.
Yet not as he, in scorn for a worried world —
Only in freedom and glad youth.

THE DIFFERENCE

Love was to you a silken skein
I held on eager fingers.
You tossed aside the ball it wound;
Yet still the shadow lingers
Along my languid hands — and there
It may forever be.
Love was a silken skein to you,
But it was more to me.

TODAY'S EGO

Within me is sad dearth
Of Deity. To earth I am not heir.
A broken branch am I
That flies in each offender's face.
Trace then your steps with care.

PARTS OF A WHOLE

Shining dew on a violet —
Rose cloud-fairies dancing over tree tops —
The yellow bird in the lane trilling,
Joy-e-e! Joy-e-e! Joy-e-e!

A sun-flower turning to the sun —
Mary at the feet of Jesus —
The blue bird on the bough calling,
Trust! Trust! Trust!

A rose emptying fragrance on the breeze —
Khaki forms marching to a tune —
The red bird in the willow singing,
All! Giv--ing--all! All!

NIGHT WHIMSIES

Gay patch of moon-touched water,
Slipping, gliding from beneath Black Mountain,
The far water, lapping low on the rocks
Is sliding back to meet you.
The shore birches are brides,
Slim, white-satined brides,
Graceful beside their lords, the pines.
    I am a piece of Black Mountain,
    A somber silhouette,
    Drifting in a shadowy boat;
    But my soul is glad and free
    Like *you,*
Gay patch of shimmering, moon-touched water.

SHORE RIDE

Golden sand; far-flung spray;
Prancing hoofs beating;
Flaming sun sinking low;
Bright waves retreating;
"I love you; I love you,"
My heart's repeating.

ONCE

Birds drop to earth after their flights.
Weep not that I know pain.
If once I scaled the purple heights
Perhaps I shall again.

YOUR BEST REFRAIN

O yes! O yes! I know your best refrain
By heart. Little brown thrush, forgive me, please,
Since I shall listen for it yet again,
When dusk comes creeping to me through the trees.

There is a path between two mountain streams.
I know each rise, each slope. There is naught
there
To startle me with newness. Yet it seems
Each day away from it is strangely bare.

And joy in these is greater that there is
Beneath *your* feet the path; bird-song above you;
While joy in you stands up alone, and this
My highest treasure is — the words, "I love you."

So think not I can weary of them, dear.
They grow in glory with the aging year.

LOVE SONG

My love, you are more beautiful than dawn.
You are the reed that sways
And wrings the artist's heart;
You are the silver song
That rides the poet's blood.
Not for artist —
Not for poet —
You are the swaying reed;
You are the silver song
For me.

IDLENESS

With time to loiter on by magic wells,
And listen for the silver chant of bells.

With time to watch the flags of smoke that rise,
And flutter out along pale, noon-time skies.

With time to listen to the strumming sod,
To smile, and whisper, "O I thank Thee, God."

In idleness my soul grows straight and tall,
In answer to some distant, singing call.

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